



The U.S. Bureau of Reclamation is building dikes to hold water on the sloped land that is to be a wetlands at the foot of Jordanelle Dam, to replace wetlands lost because of the reservoir. Bob Mathis, Wasatch County planner, convinced the Bureau that with a little extra work and investment, the area can be made into an educational park, with walkways and signs, so people can learn about the importance of wetlands, where the food chain begins, and where students and scientists can conduct research. The section along the Provo River will be developed as a more natural appearing wetlands, but the Army Corps of Engineers insisted that the rest of the project must be developed in a way that resembles rice paddies.

# inst Growth?

vest in our county if they can just prove their proposals will meet certain reasonable standards.

If we want controlled growth and development, the people appointed to serve on the planning commission should represent that philosophy. No one with an anti-growth philosophy should be appointed to the commission unless it's assignment is changed from controlling growth to blocking growth, and potential developers should not be deceived about it's purpose.

We propose putting a moratorium on all zone changes and subdividing, except those already applied for, until the planners and county commission get organized and accomplish the following:

- Decide, based on public input, whether to promote or discourage growth, or what position in the middle to take.
- Set up a specific list of questions developers must answer, and what those answers must be if they want zone changes; any amendments to that section of the code must not apply to applications that have already been submitted.
- Set up an efficient, well-defined process for getting a zone changed, that would include a ban on all discussions and demands for studies on issues that don't relate to land use.
- Establish strict ground rules for input at planning meetings, especially public hearings, that limit speeches to the issues at hand, limit the time a person may speak, prevent multiple reruns of the same information, and possibly restrict questions or input from the floor to a specific place on the agenda.
- Decide on a format for planning meetings, according to Robert's Rules of Order or somebody else's, but lay it out before making any more major decisions.
- Take an oath that the county will back up any statement made by a county official or employee and will not expect citizens (including developers) to pay for county errors, and that rules set up or questions asked at the beginning of any planning process will not be changed or

would call elegant. I don't have the long, slender fingers that grace the hands of many ladies. My hands would be hard-pressed to even pass as ladylike. My fingers are average length, my skin is rough, there's usually a scratch or cut on one of the fingers or the back of my hands, and up until a few months ago, my nails were always bitten down to the quick.

Perhaps my unladylike hands stem from my childhood. When my friends were playing dress-up and dollies, I was out in the dirt playing trucks and army. Things didn't change much as I grew older. When my friends were changing their nail polish and makeup, I was more concerned about changing the oil and spark plugs on my motorcycle. When they were using lotion, I was using Boraxo and cleanser to get off the grease.

But something happened during my pregnancy. My nails grew and I stopped nibbling. I actually had more than bloody stubs on the ends of my fingers. For once, I was able to scratch where I itched. Oh, they weren't really long. Unless I pulled back the tip of my finger, I couldn't even see them over the top of my finger. But they were there. I even had to clean the dirt out from underneath them.

Kraig liked my having nails. I could scratch his back. And if the little bits that I had were good, longer and stronger was better. With his encouragement, I finally

decided that I could break down a "have my nails done". I got falsies! Now, I'd tried false nails before I had them put on for my wedding, and for once my hands were almost elegant, I couldn't do a thing with my hands, but they looked beautiful. We were married on a Saturday. The nails lasted until Tuesday.

But this time around, I convinced myself it would be different. After all, I was used to having nails that were more than gnawed down to nothing this time around. Besides, my niece just received her nail license and she offered to do them for me.

We spent a day and she did my nails. As she was putting them on she kept saying, "Are you sure you want me to file them down that far? They're not very long." Not very long! I felt like cat woman with extra long claws.

They've been on for over a week and my niece has only had to replace one. (I slammed it in the car door.) And, surprisingly enough, I'm getting along quite well with my nice, new nails. I have a hard time buttoning my shirts.

Typing on the computer is a bit difficult (there's always a few extra letters or numbers when I come to the end of a sentence). Hooking my necklaces and putting on earrings is next to impossible and I've put runs in three pairs of nylons. But I can get jam up off the cabinet, put welts on Kraig's back, and clean gunk out of little cracks with no trouble.

My fingers aren't any longer, my skin is still rough, and I still have scrapes and scratches, but my hands do look a little more genteel. Now, if the darn things just don't drive me crazy.

